

## Love and Breakfast

By SHIRLEY MONROE

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While the dew was still on the grass and the sun not yet full-orbed over the eastern hills, there came down the steep, narrow path which led, between thickets of sweet fern and bayberry, to the pebbly shore below, a maiden fair as any queen of fairy tale fame. Her slim little frock seemed to have borrowed its color from the rosy dawn.

A wandering ray of sunshine found her hair and transformed it into a crown of fine-spun, virgin gold. Her daintily shod feet appeared to barely touch the ground, yet they brought her quickly down to the beach. There she threw wide her sun-browned arms and took long breaths of the sea-washed air.

"Everything is perfect this morning—yes, everything!" She spoke aloud. A kingfisher successfully camouflaged against the rain-bleached limb of a dead tree near by turned a startled eye in her direction for the thousandth part of an instant, perhaps, then concentrated again on the sparkling water beneath him.

The girl looked at the tiny jeweled disk bound to her wrist. She seated herself, carefully smoothing out her frock that it might not be wrinkled, and, picking up handfuls of the shining pebbles, let them trickle slowly back to the ground, talking to them meanwhile.

Her happiness was of the sort that demanded expression, and at first glance there was no animate thing nearer than a lonely osprey which circled high over the bay.

So the pebbles and sedge grass heard her wonderful news—a tale as old as the spectacle of the dawn, yet ever as new and marvelous to one who experiences it for the first time.

Only the evening before had it happened—the miracle—when he had taken her into his arms and of a sudden it had come and she knew that she loved him! It would end in marriage, of course; but she didn't want to think of that now, only of the utter perfection of her prince and of the beautiful, beautiful world, which was such a happy place to live in.

On parting they had agreed to meet on the secluded beach, out of sight of the hotel, before breakfast. She had anticipated the time set, for the night had been sleepless and the glorious morning called. But at any moment, new, there might come the sound of footsteps down the narrow path.

Instead of a sudden step there was a splash in the water a few feet from shore. The girl turned in time to see a fountain of rainbow-hued drops and emerging from it a gray bird with a white collar around his throat, carrying in his beak a small silver fish. The bird flew straight back to his perch on the rain-bleached limb of the old dead tree, swallowed his booty and resumed the watchful waiting.

"Why—your horrid thing!" exclaimed the girl, startled from the tale she was relating to the shining pebbles, "to eat up that beautiful little fish who wasn't doing you one bit of harm—and on a glorious morning like this, when every living creature must be filled with joy at being alive!"

In the sedge grass, a few feet away, a lump which she had taken for a brown stone moved cautiously forward, step by step. There was an indescribably quick motion of a sinuous neck, a glitter of silver, then a lump moving down the long throat as something was hastily swallowed. It took but an instant for the tragedy; the murderer resolved again into a brown stone, consciously watching its chance.

In disgust the girl turned her back on the kingfisher and on the marsh-bird and, after a fleeting glance up the steep path, turned to the sparkling waves breaking almost at her feet.

At least there was one creature on that beach who could enjoy the fair beauty of the morning without thinking eternally and only of eating, she soliloquized. Something grotesque and horrid of form was moving sideways and with difficulty out of the water. With one ugly claw it was pushing before it an object almost as big as itself, which feebly struggled.

As the girl gazed, fascinated, the thing took a great mouthful of its living prey in its free claw and crammed it into its mouth. It was only that common occurrence, one crab eating, with relish, a disabled brother; but to the girl looking on there came a nauseating revulsion of feeling and she stoned the cannibal till he dropped his victim and scurried away.

"How perfectly awful! Why, I'll never eat another crab as long as I live—they're too disgusting. Nor another fish, either! Poor things; they have enemies enough! Oh, why need such cruel things happen in such a beautiful world?"

A loose pebble rolled down the path, announcing the swift approach of another human to the secluded beach. The girl leaped to her feet; strong arms held her tight. It was her prince, of course, and there followed an hour of that ecstasy only new lovers experience when they tell, to each other, just how unutterable that love is. Forgotten were the greedy birds and the cannibal crab. Once more life was ecstatic—a gift of the gods!

Then the prince announced that he must return to the city on the morrow. "Why, dearie," he answered to her

strong protest, "I haven't the nerve to face your father with my present bank account. Just give me a couple of months, though, and 'oh boy,' but I'll make some killing! Then we can be married."

A charming blush suffused the face of the girl. To cover it she asked what he meant by "a killing."

"Why, everlastingly watching my rivals in business, catching them napping and swooping down upon them like—like—that kingfisher chap over there—and coming home with the spoils." As he spoke, prompted by an instinct he didn't stop to analyze, one hand gently detached itself from the hand of the girl and sought his watch. With a start an arm was withdrawn from a slender waist and with a nimble movement the prince was on his feet.

"But why need you go so soon?" the girl objected.

"Breakfast, darling! And I forgot to tell you! I got out at four this morning and caught some snapper blues for you. That's what made me a little late here. Gosh, it was great; getting up at that hour and killing meat for my mate like a regular primitive cave man!"

The girl gazed up at the glowing countenance of her prince and many things ran through her mind in the second that she hesitated. He had felt a need for food, with his arm around her! He had killed innocent living creatures, even as the kingfisher had, and the marsh-bird—but not, thank goodness, not like the crab! And he had killed them for her—because he loved her!

After all, what did it matter? There were many things she didn't understand, and nothing mattered but that "He loved her." The girl sprang up with a happy smile.

## BROUGHT JOY TO ROOSEVELT

Companion Tells of Colonel's Joy in Unlooked-For Discovery in the Bird World.

Roosevelt's intense eagerness over any new discovery in the bird world is interestingly described by John M. Parker, who once entertained the colonel on a camping trip along the Gulf coast of Mississippi and Louisiana. One day they discovered one of those queer birds known as the bull bird, and the colonel was greatly excited about it. Here is the way that Mr. Parker describes the incident:

"One day my sons were running around on a little island, and presently began waving for us to come over. We immediately answered. When we got close to them we saw them pointing to a bird on the ground, blended so well with oyster shells and debris that it was almost invisible unless you watched closely. They motioned to the colonel to step up to the bird, and as he did so it flew off the nest, fluttering along the way as a great many birds do, simulating being badly wounded or crippled in order to lead us away from its nest. It was a bull bird, or night hawk, and as the colonel glanced at the nest he remarked: 'By Jove, this bird is hatching now!'

"Herbert K. Job, the nearest and possibly the most famous bird photographer in the world, came in answer to our call and fixed up his old green shade from under which he made some wonderful pictures both of the bird returning to the nest, and then how he scared her off the nest. He made pictures of the two little bull birds breaking the shell of the egg, and to see the eggs divide was wonderfully interesting. Mr. Job photographed them with patience and with a total disregard of mosquitoes.

"The evening we returned to Pass Christian the colonel went around my yard with a great deal of interest, and announced that he had found nests of 27 varieties of birds. One in particular interested him very much—the crested fly catcher. I told him that the bird had nested there since I had had the place, and that only a few days before had raised an entire brood of young ones, which were now flying around the yard. He immediately asked me whether I had ever investigated the nest carefully myself. I told him no and asked why. He stated that he had never found a single nest of a crested fly catcher that did not have in it a shed skin of a snake, and said that he would like very much to see whether this nest 'way down on the Gulf of Mexico could be an exception. We got a ladder and I took the nest out. Instead of having one skin in it, there were two, to his very great delight and joy."—Tulsa World.

Explorers on Floe for Five Months. Scientific data of considerable value were obtained by a party of 15 men who returned to civilization recently after spending about five months on a drifting ice floe in the Arctic ocean, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Special attention was given to the currents in Beaufort sea, that part of the ocean which stretches north of Alaska and Canada as far as Banks Land, and numerous soundings were made in the cold water. The floe on which the strange voyage was made was seven miles wide and fifteen long. Many seals, polar bears, ducks and land birds made their homes on the floating block of ice.

## Bedroom Farce.

"That there troupe of show people wuz in a wreck down the road a piece an' I don't believe they'll be able to play at th' op'ry house tonight!"

"Was anybody hurt, Hiram?"

"Nope, but th' pink and white bed they wuz bringin' along got smashed to kindin' wood an' th' property man says he can't find another one like it in th' hull blamed village."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## AMERICAN HORSES MAKE BAD SHOWING

GREAT WAR FOUND US POORLY PREPARED IN ARTILLERY ANIMALS.

## QUALITY OF BLOOD COUNTS

French Army Furnished the Thorough-breds that Enabled Our Guns to Stop Ludendorff's Drive Toward Paris and Victory.

If, after seventy-five years of exhaustive and convincing experimentation, a work that had cost the great military powers of Continental Europe—Russia, Austria, Hungary, the German Empire, France and Italy—in the aggregate a matter of \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000, additional proof of the superlative value of thoroughbred blood in the military horse and the comparative worthlessness of cold-blood that proof was supplied by the experience of the Second Division of the American Expeditionary Force in the summer of 1918. The Second Division was the division in which the famous Marine Corps was brigaded. The Second was one of the best equipped of the American grand units as regards horseflesh. The cream of the remount service was in its artillery and transport departments.

In June, 1918, the Second Division was ordered from a quiet sector of the western front near Verdun to the western angle of the great Marne salient the German offensive of March to June had created in the French line. Foch had sensed the impending Ludendorff thrust that was to win Paris and a victorious peace, and he was assembling all his available soldiers to meet it. The carrying out of this order by the Second Division involved a march of less than 100 miles, 97 to be exact. Yet 80 per cent of the cold-blooded horses of the artillery brigade succumbed to the rigors of this march without having come under gunfire. Upward of half the horses that dropped out of line were so completely done up they were unfit to be sent to any station for recuperation with the ultimate object of returning to service.

The French divisions that accompanied the American divisions on this march lost no more than five per cent of their horses. But the French artillery, cavalry and transport horses were half and three-quarter breeds, the produce of a system of breeding that had been instituted by a far-sighted government sixty or seventy years before the outbreak of the great war.

## Second Division Suffers.

Because of the collapse of its horse equipment and artillery brigade of the Second Division did not reach its objective until a day after the great struggle that was to terminate in the winning appeal of the German army for an armistice in October had begun. The Second Division fought the first day without artillery protection and suffered outrageously in consequence. The artillery brigade reached the zone of conflict late in the second day and was enabled to take part in the series of actions that completely deranged Ludendorff's ambitious plan of conquest and put the great German army on the defensive only because American remount officers were able to re-equip it from the surplus horse supply of the French army with half and three-quarter breeds. The French were in a position to furnish these indispensable animals because up to the beginning of March the war had been a year of position rather than a war of movement, and no hard demand had been made on the artillery and cavalry horse reserves of the French army.

When the great war came to its unexpected finish the United States had under arms, at home and abroad, some 3,700,000 soldiers, of which 974,000 were infantry, 304,000 were engineers, 380,000 were field artillery, but only 29,000 were cavalry. The field artillery was horsed after a fashion. So was the engineer contingent. But the quality of the horses that served the field artillery and the engineer contingent generally was no better, if, indeed, it was as good, than was the quality of the horses that failed the artillery brigade of the Second Division in the march from Verdun to the Marne salient.

## Our Cavalry Not There.

For such masses of infantry and artillery, there should have been 250,000 to 350,000 cavalry, according to the most advanced military opinion in the United States and abroad. Yet only an insignificant fraction of the absurdly small mounted contingent of the gigantic military establishment of the United States of November 1st, 1918.

The second, third, sixth and fifteenth cavalry regiments—was in France. Most of our 23,000 troopers were patrolling the Mexican frontier. Moreover only a moiety of the so-called American cavalry forces in France was mounted. At no time was it possible to completely horse the second, third, sixth and fifteenth regiments. The troopers of these regiments, when they were not serving with machine gun contingents, were guarding munitions and quartermaster's stores. This condition was due to the disgraceful fact that the United States had no suitable mounts for its cavalry, France and Great Britain, to insure prompt and effective co-operation by the American grand units in the great counter offensive of Foch might spare serviceable artillery horses of the half and three-quarter bred types because, as had already been pointed out, the struggle for civilization up to the beginning of 1918 on the western front had been for the most part a war of position rather than one of maneuver. Their reserves of artillery horses had not been exhausted. But neither France nor Great Britain felt disposed to equip with horses the cavalry of an army that should have entered the conflict with the best mounted and best equipped cavalry to be found on the planet.—Advt.

## HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

## GIVE THE BEST.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,  
There are souls that are pure and true;  
Then give the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,  
'Tis just what you are and do;  
Then give the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

Why do you suppose your eyes are placed in the front of your head unless it is for the purpose of looking ahead? Since you don't ordinarily walk backward, it is more necessary to watch the ground lying before you than that which you've just passed over. It is just as true that a little foresight would save many people from the regrets of "it might have been." But if the mistake is already made, it is far better to spend your time in thinking how to avoid another than in recalling the possibilities of the first, since, though recollection may be profitable, it is powerless in itself to correct.

There is a great deal of radical prejudice against present day amusements. Of course everyone has a right to choose his own, and likewise form his opinion. But a viewpoint of ten years or more ago will not hold for today. Neither will the amusements of that period, because we are living, feeling, hearing, and seeing something new all the time, and must think apace. Many forms of entertainment which appear vicious from a distance become tame at close sight. Also the kind of amusement is not always so important as the particular form which that kind happens to take. In fact it is sometimes a choice of two evils—many times the less dangerous course than the denying of all recreation.

Don't dream too much about the day when your son or daughter may be President or Mrs. President of the United States, but watch the tendencies which they display in childhood. These tendencies may develop into talents equally as valuable as the notorious principle of American freedom. Has your boy skillful fingers with "hurled things" and a steady nerve? Then he may be one of the great surgeons who do so much to alleviate human suffering. Or does he love to build and build, fitting his materials together with a sense of symmetry and balance? Perhaps he will some day span great cities of commerce, or influence a new era of architecture. Does your little girl worship beautiful colors and love to cut it? Then perhaps she will sometime be proprietress of a wonderful modiste shop, or furnish the masses with a much needed education on the art of interior decorating. Or maybe she prefers figures and riddles and is quick to go straight to the point of a matter. Possibly she will be an influential business woman, or, all in good time, even a woman senator.

But neither of them have half the chance of attainment unless such tendencies are directed and developed carefully while they are in the formative stage.

Criticism is either destructive or constructive, and is based in the two instances largely on ignorance or intelligence. It is not generous toward the effort of another to pull a thing completely to pieces because it doesn't happen to suit you. Nothing is wholly bad and the feature which makes the entire work bitter to your taste may be the unimportant part of the whole. There is usually the personal venom of a shallow mind in such a criticism.

On the other hand you have as good a chance as anyone of seeing a defect the correction of which would be valuable. And you may see it in the one light that makes its alteration possible. Such a criticism has all the value of an exchange of ideas and viewpoints. If you would make your opinions conveyed, learn to judge through a broad survey of the whole. Likewise never rend anything to pieces. It smacks of the vicious.

There is too little time for poetry in these bustling times. The exponents of this art which are met ordinarily today are largely responsible for its neglect. They forget the subtle thought of the verse in their bombastic enunciation, accompanied by the lion-like shaking of their waving manes, and the dramatic clawing of a limp bow tie. So too, you cannot follow the continuity of thought in these "Word Spills," because the perpetrators must adopt a metre which seems to begin where it ends.

The assassination of poetry in this manner is simply criminal. The qualities of poetry are better fitted to spirit the mind away from the pressing affairs around you, than those of prose even. Such a rest offers to your tired brain what sleep offers to the fatigued body. Everyone had better take advantage of it, and leave the master poets to mock their feeble descendants.

## COST OF IMMODESTY.

Immodest dress by women of the day is not peculiar to any one country. It prevails to an amazing extent in the United States, in Great Britain, in France and probably in other countries. What has given so strong an impetus to it is largely conjectural, but presumably it is one of the social reactions from the soberer conduct, thought and feeling of the war period.

If girls cherish a thought and hope that they enhance their chances of a happy marriage, or marriage at all, by a free revelation of physical charms, they are deluding themselves. With comparatively few exceptions the man who puts his mind seriously to the marriage project looks about him for the womanly woman, one of whose fundamental charms is modesty. He envisages such a woman as likely, above others, to have the qualities required in a life mate whom he can honor,



Calomel salivates! It's mercury. Calomel acts like dynamite on a sluggish liver. When calomel comes into contact with sour bile it crashes into it, causing cramping and nausea.

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If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone for a few cents, which is a harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't start your liver straighten you up

and without making you sick, you just go back and get your money.

If you take calomel today you'll be sick and nauseated tomorrow; besides, it may salivate you, while if you take Dodson's Liver Tone you will wake up feeling great, full of ambition and ready for work or play. It is harmless, pleasant and safe to take. Millions of people like it.

love and trust. Men are none too good at best. Indeed, as a class, they are too bad at best, but about the surest way to make them worse is for women to appeal, by dress or otherwise, to their grosser natures. It is enough that deficient draping of the female figure exert a harmful influence in terms of sex, but atop of that is the fact that it is a menace to health and an injustice to children yet unborn.

## WHY THEY FALL OUT.

Dr. David Starr Jordan has this to say concerning the cigarette habit, particularly to army boys: "Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples—they drop long before harvest time. They rarely make failures in after life, because they have no after life. The boy who begins smoking before his fifteenth year rarely enters the life of the world. His further progress is blocked; his future lies behind him. When other boys are taking hold on the world's work, he is concerned with the sexton and the undertaker."—Exchange.

## HITCHINS

The death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Savage, taking from them their daughter, Mrs. May Savage Posey. She was returning to her home from Lincoln, Nebraska. She took sick on the way, and reached Ashland, where she remained all four weeks and died at the home of her brother, Wallace Hanks. She will be buried at her home at this place as soon as her sister Madge arrives from

Canada. Miss Emma Tyler, of Mississippi, and Mrs. Lottie Blankenship of this place, who are government clerks at Washington, D. C., were calling on Miss Lona Savage New Year's night. Hitchins celebrated New Year's night with a dance at the opera house. Ray Duval, of Cincinnati, spent Sunday with home folks. Robert and John Womack were visiting home folks Sunday. The people of Hitchins are very proud of their doctor, O. E. Bailey. Marion Chaffin has gone to Virginia where he has a position. Misses Lona and Bess Savage made a business trip to Catlettsburg Saturday.

## ZELDA

Rev. Farley will preach here next Sunday, Jan. 11th.

Mrs. T. H. Collinsworth and daughters, Wilma and Ruth, of Genoa, W. Va. are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Meade.

James and Paul Bellomy were in Buchanan Wednesday.

Purl Vanhorn was calling on his best girl Sunday.

Retye Meade and Wilma Collinsworth spent the holidays in Ashland.

Mrs. Nora Lakin has returned home from Van Lear.

Harry Stewart was calling on Pearl Meade last week.

Garrett Frasher has returned to Hampton Roads, Va.

The singing school at Buchanan is progressing nicely. DEAR HEART.

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